

—L'Electricite has taken the trouble of devising a plan for producing "spirit voices" by means of a telephone or microphone.

—Portable electric lighting machines are being made in France, the steam-motor being employed at will to transport the machine or produce the light.

—A wealthy merchant of St. Petersburg, Herr Julius Gillis, has offered a prize of one thousand florins for a popular work on "Kant's Views on the Ideality of Time and Space."

—Changes in thermometers ranging as high as eight to ten degrees have been found to occur when applied to certain purposes, and kept at a high temperature for a considerable period.

—An agricultural experiment association has been formed by a number of Sussex (Eng.) landowners. Its object is to experiment with manures and crops upon several varieties of soil.

—By treating the wood of the beehive or poplar with a hot solution of alum, a liquid of a bright yellow color is produced, which deposits a greenish resin. This forms a new coloring matter, called *crine*.

—M. Goyard, a French physician, has lately called the attention of medical men to a case in which a new-born infant, apparently dead, was recalled to life by immersion in a bath of water heated to about 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

—Dr. Theobald lately exhibited a beetle at a scientific meeting, giving these figures to illustrate its physical strength. Weight of beetle, two grains; weight moved by it, 54 ounces—1,320 times the weight of the beetle. A man of 150 pounds weight, endowed with the strength of this insect, should therefore be able to move 108,000 pounds, or nearly 100 tons.

—An insect has no lungs, states Mr. J. G. Wood. It respires after a manner totally different from that of higher animals. The "spiracles" admit air into two tubes, which run along the sides of the body. The insect does not breathe through its mouth or through its nose, but through the sides of its body. It has a large number of brains through the body, which explains why it is so difficult to kill an insect, as each separate brain has to be destroyed.

—According to a recent work by Prof. Bischoff, an eminent Munich anatomist, the average weight of the human brain is 1,362 grammes for man and 1,219 grammes for woman. The difference between the average brain weight of man and woman thus amounts to 143 grammes, or 10 and one-half per cent. The brain weight of man exceeds that of all animals except the elephant (4,500 grammes), and the larger Cetaceans (2,500 grammes). The brain-weight of the largest ape is hardly a third of man's. Prof. Bischoff's data comprise the weights of brain of 559 men and 347 women.

—The influence of the moon on the temperature was the subject of a paper recently read to the French Meteorological Society by M. Courdevache, giving the result of eight years' observations at Saint-Maur observatory. Comparing the mean daily temperatures for the months of March, April and May, he shows that the temperature decreases until the fourth day after new moon, rises to its highest point on the sixth (an average of 14.8 degrees), then rises (to 14.4 degrees) until the sixteenth day, falls again until the twentieth or twenty-first (to 10 degrees), then rises with slight variations until the end of the lunar period. Taking into account only the minima, which are of especial interest on account of night frosts, the moon's influence is still more distinct. The highest minimum (nine degrees) occurs about the sixth day, and the lowest (about three degrees) on the twenty-first. Thus, according to M. Courdevache's researches, night-frosts are most probable about the twenty-first day of the moon.

—A novel mode of propelling vessels has been described to the French Academy by M. Grandt, who says he has constructed apparatus for the purpose. The principal agent is electricity. One or more sets of electro-dynamic apparatus are driven by an ordinary steam engine. The electric current is sent through a voltmeter containing acidulated water. The oxygen and hydrogen arising from decomposition of the water are led, in a tube, fore or aft, in the boat, according to the direction in which it is desired to go. They escape by an aperture in the hull, a little above which aperture is an induction coil arrangement, by which sparks are passed between two insulated glass tubes. The explosion of the gases thus caused propels the boat. May this idea lead us to hope that, after all our misgivings, some use may be found for hundred-ton guns! The recoil produced by the rapid firing of charges of several hundred pounds of powder ought surely to make the gun valuable as motors for vessels!

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Art must anchor in nature, or it is the sport of every breath of folly.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

All other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not honesty and good nature.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not given good counsel to himself.

Beauty and death make each other seem purer and lovelier, like snow and moonlight.

Hatred is so durable and so obstinate that reconciliation on a sick-bed is a sign of death.

Send one has had a husband honorable old age, that it was the childhood of immortality.

Indulgence is the character; but it is the character that is the character.

Let there be in necessary things unity, in everything charity, and then there will be no lack of anything.

Never suspect injury until you know the views and motives of the author.

Apply an opinion relate it.

The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. VIII.

BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1881.

NO. 32.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

There is a great tidal wave in the temperance movement, and the work of procuring prohibitory legislation is marching forward with a stride unprecedented in the history of any reform. Report comes in from all parts of the country, either of actual legislation, or of measures being taken to procure it.

In Kansas every possible obstacle was thrown in the way by the liquor interest to the passage of the laws necessary to enforce the recent constitutional amendment in despite of which a stringent Prohibitory Bill passed the Senate by a vote of 22 to 7, and the House by 100 in favor to 23 against.

In Wisconsin a bill is now before the Legislature to amend the constitution as follows:

"Section 1. No person shall manufacture, for sale, or sell, or keep for sale as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer."

The North Carolina Presbyterian speaking of the prohibition movement which is sweeping over that State, says:

"In Wilmington the movement is a few weeks ago it seemed as if there was no hearing against the tide of temperance. At that time there was a deep undercurrent, wide spread and strong, that needed only the occasion for its manifestation. The eagerness with which the call for the passage of a prohibitory law is signed is astonishing. All religious denominations, all nationalities, all colors and conditions of men favor it. The feeling is that something must be done, and something that will eradicate the evil in every city, town, village, hamlet, cross-road, where no effort has been made to get the voice of the people, let there be an effort at once. There is no time to be lost. The prohibition movement, as thus far developed, is entirely independent of politics, and it is safe to say that neither political party could do a worse thing for itself than to place itself in opposition to the measure."

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Mississippi has appointed a committee to see to the enforcement of the present laws, and secure other and more efficient legislation against the sale of liquor.

The Louisiana conference of the M. E. Church adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, "We are of the opinion that at the present time there is such a depraved appetite, both inherited and imbibed, for artificial stimulants, and so much money in their manufacture and traffic, that nothing less than a national prohibition, backed by a heavy punishment, can ever arrest the mighty tide of this evil. The tide is too high, the current too mighty, the stream too immense in its proportions and too overwhelming in its course to be arrested by moral suasion or by the cold process of intellectual reasoning."

In Tennessee the Local Option Society organized last year has been actively at work, and has secured memorials to the legislature signed by seven ecclesiastical bodies, representing several hundred clergymen and over one hundred thousand members, also from twenty-two universities and colleges, signed by one hundred chancellors, professors, and teachers, and four hundred students, and thirty-two pres. memorials. Then there are fifty county memorials, with fifteen thousand signatures, beside a large number of names of leading citizens. The bill, now before the legislature, is being strongly urged, with strong hope of success.

In Ohio all eyes are turned toward the legislature. About 200,000 persons have petitioned for a local option law. The friends of temperance are active all over the State.

In Indiana a local option bill is now before the legislature.

In Illinois a bill is before the legislature providing that no license shall be granted, except upon application, by petition of the majority of registered residents, male and female, over twenty-one years of age, in the town, ward, or precinct where the saloon or hotel is to be located. A prohibitory amendment to the constitution is also before the legislature.

In Michigan a bill for a constitutional amendment, prohibiting the sale of liquors, is also before the legislature.

A St. Louis, Mo., telegram of the 3d ult., says: "Much commotion exists among the brewers in this city over the introduction in the Legislature of a proposition to amend the State constitution so as to prohibit the manufacture of alcoholic stimulants in Missouri." It is added that "a committee has been formed to organize an opposition, and the brewers throughout the State will be asked to lend their assistance."

In the New York legislature a number of bills have been introduced for the purpose of restricting and limiting the sale of liquor. What action, or whether any will be taken by that body, is, of course, uncertain.

The North Carolina House, on the 9th inst., passed the Senate bill prohibiting the sale or purchase of any spirituous liquors, except wine and cider, under heavy penalties. The act enforces total abstinence. It is to be submitted to the people for ratification in August, and if adopted by a popular vote will go into effect on the 1st day of October.

The great railroad companies have discovered that the use of liquor by their employees is a very costly indulgence for them, it being at least indirectly the cause of much the larger part of their disasters, so destructive of life and property. The

Pennsylvania Railroad Company have for some time past been quietly working to remove saloons from the vicinity of their depots. The Grand Trunk of Canada have issued an appeal to their employees, from which we extract the following:

"We know the habitual use of stimulants too often leads to excess; inexcusable neglect and careless profligacy to duty follow; and then, sooner or later, loss of position and employment is, and must be, the inevitable result. The unpleasant position is then fully realized, and most pressing appeals are then made for re-employment—one more chance for the sake of an anxious wife and children, who are always the greatest sufferers in such cases. Indulgence is such a stimulant does no good at any time; it is an expensive habit and a positive waste of money."

Canada has one of the most effective Local Option laws in the world. It is adopted in counties and cities by a majority vote of the electors—is not repealable for three years after adoption, and entirely prohibits retailing and wholesaling of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. Since its passage by the Dominion Parliament, it has triumphantly passed the ordeal of the courts, and pronounced constitutional by the highest tribunal of the country. It has been already brought to a vote in eighteen counties and cities, and been carried by overwhelming majorities in all but one. Fully as many more cities and counties are bringing it to a vote, and in most it will carry. Now the whole province of Prince Edward Island has adopted the act—more than three-fourths of New Brunswick, and before a year has passed it is expected that all the maritime provinces will have de-legalized the rum traffic. The execution of the law is most satisfactory, and whenever in force, fear falls upon the liquor sellers and disaster overtakes their attempted violations. To show the temper of the people toward the licensed rum traffic, it may be mentioned that in the last two contests the poll stood: For 1,317, against 96. For 962, against 42. So note it be.

The New York Herald, quick to discern the drift of public opinion, in a recent editorial on "The Temperance Crusade" says:

"The total abstinence advocates all over the country are just now vigorously at work pressing their pet theories, and strange to say, they are meeting with a fair degree of success in fields which seemed to be the most unpromising and unproductive. Away down in Texas, for instance, where the opportunities for moral reform and regeneration are almost unlimited, the State constitution has been amended by an immense majority, prohibiting through all time the manufacture or sale of alcohol except for the most innocent purposes, and all that is required to give it effect is the passage of a few trifling statutes. Petitions are pouring in upon the wise men of the Indiana legislature asking them to engage vigorously in the anti-whiskey campaign, and bills on the same subject are falling thick as snowflakes in the Pennsylvania Assembly. The temperance fever has again broken out in Ohio, while the movement in New England is enforcing the prohibitory clause of her constitution, which has been a dead letter for a quarter of a century. Even the Mormons in Utah are clamoring for reform, and complaining that the federal officials sent to them by the President are defeating the temperance municipal regulations and in many other ways injuring the good work."

In the recent State election in Maine, the Republican candidate for Governor was defeated, only because in his previous term he had refused to enforce the prohibitory law. In view of this, the following order issued by his competitor, the Democratic candidate, now Gov. Plained, is of special interest:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, MORRIS ISLAND S. C., March 20, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 18.

Hereafter regulations for whiskey—the one gallon per month—by commissioned officers of this brigade will not be approved at these headquarters.

The command commanding the brigade believes that a scheme could not be devised better calculated to ruin the young men holding commissions in our army and to impair the discipline of the service than this one gallon per month whiskey allowance, for such an habitual use of intoxicating drink cannot fail to engender habits which, if not in the service, must in after-years prove ruinous to those who indulge in it.

But this "gallon of whiskey"—this "gig of rum"—is degrading to the high character of an officer in the United States army, both in his own estimation and in the estimation of his men. It degrades the respect which is his as an officer and gentleman, and thus saps the very foundation of military discipline.

Whiskey, as a beverage, it must be admitted, is a useless indulgence at the best, and one which the officer must deny to his men. The colonel commanding is free to say that no officer possesses the true spirit of self-denial which it is his duty to enforce upon the men of his command. It is believed by him that the officers of his command have a proper appreciation of themselves and of the service, and, therefore, will readily discountenance a practice which tends to the greatest evils, and which can only be a useless indulgence.

By order,

H. M. PLAINED, Col. 11th Me. Vols., Com'g First Brigade.

—Robert M. Foust, who for many years was an active temperance advocate of Philadelphia, died on Saturday at Smyrna, Del., aged seventy-one years. He was sent to the Legislature of this State in 1844 by the Native American party. He was a man of a good deal of prominence and unblemished character.

—Five Hungarian Counts arrived in New York on Saturday. They are not seeking for wives, however, but come to obtain information in regard to agricultural and cattle-raising, with a view to adopting the American system on their home estates.

REST.

By FATHER EVAN.

My feet are weary, and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to tell, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways,
'Tis hard to tell, when I have gained a grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best,
And I have learned that when I have been my prayer—
For Rest—sweet Rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
No harvest comes;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to reap
No harvest comes.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
No harvest comes;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
No harvest comes.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cases I find,
My path, and through the bowing of my tears
I find no end.

'Twas always so, when still a child I lay,
On mother's breast,
My weary little head when I played,
As now, for Rest.

And I am restless still, 'twill never be o'er,
On mother's breast,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall Rest.

WINONA SILVER.

I sat in the editorial sanctum (the chief was in Europe, and consequently I had twice as much work as usual) to-day, toiling through a long manuscript, and wishing with all my heart that the distinguished writer had seen fit to use the familiar letters of the alphabet instead of hieroglyphics of his own, indistinctly resembling those of the Egyptian, and light tap at the door. "Come," I called rather sharply, for I was a little vexed at being interrupted, and the door opened slowly and disclosed a lightly clad—much too lightly clad for a cold January day. I saw that at a glance—girlish figure standing on the threshold.

"Are you the editor?" Mr. Gray asked a very soft, timid voice.

"I am," I replied. "Come in, please."

The girl entered, closed the door, sat down in the chair beside my desk, to which I motioned, and said never a word. I could hear her breath coming quickly, as though she were terribly frightened, and I purposely went on with the unraveling of the oriental characters before me, to give her time to recover herself, for I remembered with painful distinctness my own first call upon an editor (knowing intuitively this was a first call), when my heart, albeit it was a many one, thumped harder than it ever thumped before or since. At last I raised my eyes from the paper, and the girl had drawn her veil, from which dripped little drops of water—melted snow—and was regarding me with a wistful, beseeching gaze. In return, I regarded her with one of astonishment, for hers was the sweetest and most heart-touching face I had ever seen in my life, and so peculiar in its beauty that I found it hard to describe it. Big, pathetic brown eyes, with glints of gold in them, long bronze-brown lashes, hair of the palest sunshine, as though moonlight and sunshine had mingled together, slightly parted rose lips, revealing a glimpse of all white teeth; colorless but prettily rounded cheeks; and over all that indescribable charm of innocence that is youthful beauty, the use of old and wistful smiles, as the bloom to the peach and the fragrance to the rose.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, speaking gently enough this time.

"I have a story," stammered the poor little thing, "which I thought you might like—my first—and if you only would!"

"I will look over it with pleasure," I said, as she paused, apparently unable from sheer nervousness to go on. "Leave it with me, and I promise to give it my earliest attention."

As she handed me the roll of paper, I saw she wore no gloves, and her hands were red with cold; but I also saw that she was exceptionally pretty as her face was pale, her fingers, and pink shell like nails.

"It is not written on very nice paper," she said, rising, as I took the manuscript from her. "I had nothing but scraps of old letters, and backs of circulars and bills—but with a clean of modest pride, and a glance at the hieroglyphics she laid it plainly, and it will not take you long to read it. And when may I call for an answer?"

"To-morrow," said I, without a moment's hesitation, though I knew I ought to devote all the time I could spare from my other duties for weeks to the very lengthy contribution of the distinguished author.

"Thank you," and she slipped away as noiselessly as she had entered.

But for the life of me I could not forget her. Wherever my gaze fell, there I beheld those great pathetic eyes, that big golden hair, those pretty curved, trembling lips. "And she was cold," I thought. I should think so—actually shivering, and shivering while I wrote my story—strong fellow—(looking at my heavy overcoat hanging on the opposite wall.) "Pshaw! you may stay there to-night."

And actually went home without it, as though that would make the poor little girl any warmer, and caught a severe cold, as I was, as I might have known I would. After which I should I began the story and read it through.

It was written plainly—that could not be denied; in fact, in the way of chirography it was all that could be desired; and there were some gleams of a poetic nature; but the plot was so highly romantic and visionary, and the whole thing so strange, and there it was, written in ink, yet even mastered the primer of authorship, that it was impossible to give it a place in the publication of which I was junior editor.

But never did the necessity of saying "No!" so distress me before, not even when Alveretta Strawhorn, since known as the "Queen of the West," had refused to let me publish her story, in spite of my rejection of her novelettes, "the laurel wreath of fame would encircle her brow when I was still grovelling, the obscurest of the obscure."

I slept but little that night thinking of it. Something told me it would almost break the girl's heart. Should I accept it, and then turn it back, and then turn it back, for which I had waited as I believe no editor ever waited for would-be contributor's knock before, I again called "Come!" She came in, and sinking into the visitor's chair, raised her eyes in mute inquiry to my face. I searched my brain for some harmless falsehood with which to soften the blow, but those eyes compelled the truth.

"I have carefully read your story," I said, "and am sorry to say it would not suit our paper."

The little hands went up to the face: the wild, dropped over her eyes. I heard a stifled cry, and my heart began to ache. "But there is no reason, Miss Silver," I continued, with assumed cheerfulness, "that, with a few alterations, it should not suit some other. If you will leave it with me, I will take it home to-night, revise it, and you can try again."

The veil was tossed aside, and down came the hands. "Oh, I am so ridiculously afraid of strings and strange places!" she said, a wan little smile shining through her tears. "I should never have dared to come here had I not heard you were one of the kindest of men. Is there nothing you can give me to do, Mr. Gray? I can read the most illegible writing, and I am a very good copyist, and I can copy for you."

Now I had nothing on hand which it was absolutely necessary that I should have copied, but a vision of the poor child toiling up dark stairs into cheerless offices, cold and frightened, with that, in present form, unstable story, rose before me, and I determined to make work for her until I could find her some easy, permanent employment elsewhere. So I said, quickly, as though it were the very assistance of all others of which I stood in need, "If you are willing to accept work of that kind, I can employ you two or three hours a day for a month or two, and you may begin at once."

Here upon which she thanks me and said, "I had her lady aide her hand and shawl, seat herself at the chief's desk and prepared to copy the Chinese-like characters of the famous author over which I had been puzzling the day before."

She obeyed me with the simplicity of a child, and soon was bending over her task, a flush of pleasure on her cheeks, transcribing quickly and faithfully.

As for me, the sight of that tiny hand traveling over the paper with wonderful grace and ease, and the clear-cut profile drooping above it, caused some ludicrous mistakes in the article I was writing, about which mistakes I received no less than seventeen communications during the week following its publication.

The two or three hours passed away. She showed me what she had accomplished, and I paid her for it with a blush, and she, donned the summer hat and shawl, and tripped away, promising to come again on the morrow. The morrow found her punctually at her post, and so did many mornings, and at last the MS. was almost copied, and I had been unable to find any other employment for my little friend. Meanwhile the child had told me her story. Her mother died at her birth. She had never had any home, but had always lived in boarding-houses with her father, a school-teacher, who, dying, left her to the mercy of an only relative, a wealthy aunt. That aunt—Heaven forgive her—refused to receive her, and she had children of her own to look after, and she was no reason why the girl should not follow her father's profession.

"I tried to," said Winona, "but the children would not mind me. Minnie Mincietti minds me, because she loves me. I board with Mrs. Mincietti, and each Minnie in part payment for my board, and she is not as kind as she was before. And papa used to say I wrote excellent compositions, and so I thought, perhaps, I could write stories for the papers. And I was induced to come to you first by hearing a gentleman, a writer, praise you very highly one day, and I was so kind-hearted that I followed him to Cape May, and then I came to your door three days in succession before I could get courage enough to knock. And when I did knock on the fourth day, you called 'Come,' in such a soft, sweet voice that I came near running away again. And one of those three days, when I was standing outside, you were laughing and talking with some young lady. I heard you, and saw her. She had the loveliest ostrich feather in her hat."

"And what has become of the story, Winona?" I asked. She had rebelled against "Miss Silver," or even "Miss Winona," at an early period of our acquaintance, and I had been so much kinder to her. She was eight-and-twenty, and she was ten years younger.

"My story!" with a musical laugh—"which you altered until it was your story!" I sent it to the *Weekly Romance Portfolio*, and they accepted it, and well they might, for, thanks to you, it was good indeed. And they sent me a check for it—a very short check for such a long story—and there it is!" she said, holding up a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. "And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send you a check for \$10.00, and then from a cloth jacket that hung beside my overcoat. And now that you've mentioned the story," she continued, all her old shyness coming back again, "I should like to show you—but I am afraid—"

"Nonsense, Winona, you are not afraid. What is it?"

"It is a poem, if it deserves that title," and she pushed a paper across the desk to me.

I unfolded it, and really pretty little poem, which, however, in spite of its prettiness, I found as unsuitable for our paper as the story had been. After reading it, I sat apparently buried in thought, and then I said, "Winona, I will send

SWANSON'S... BRISTOL MILLS... A. L. PACKER... JOSEPH SHERMAN... THE HOUSEHOLD... FRAZER AXLE GREASE... WM. C. PEIRCE... MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM... THE LITERARY REVOLUTION... CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA... THE WARREN ORGANS... A. G. CLEMMER... AGENTS... WANTED... ELV'S CREAM BALM... \$20,000... \$80,000... NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE